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Constable & Company Ltd.
London, 1913.

SONGS from the Plays of SHAKESPEARE

With Initials and
Borders illuminated
by Edith A. Ibbs.

Where the bee sucks
there suck I
In the cowslip's
bell I lie;
There I couch when
owls do cry
On the bat's back I
do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall
I live now
Under the blossom
that hangs on the bough.

The Tempest

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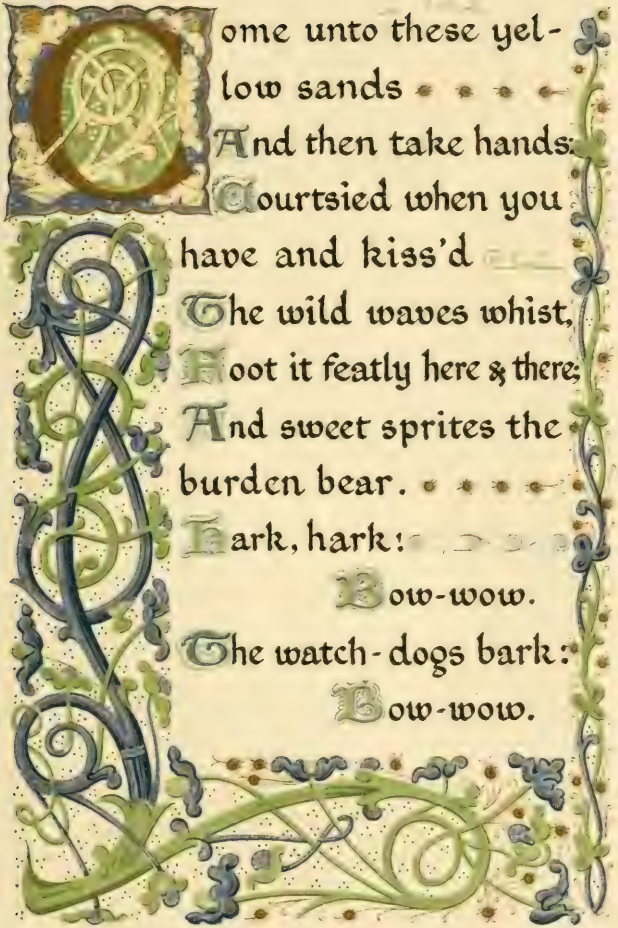
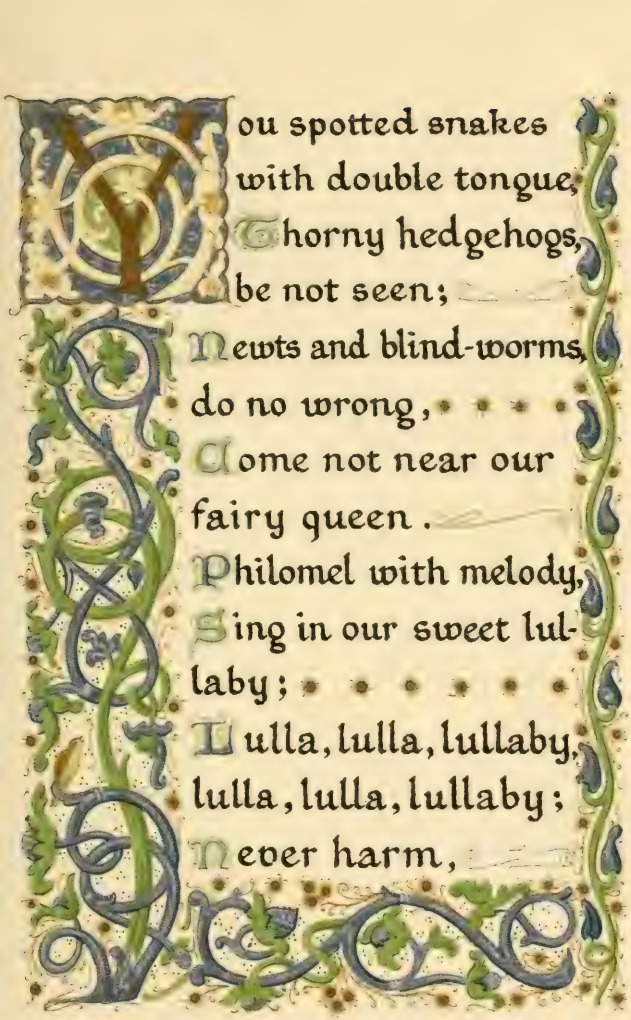

Come unto these yel-
low sands
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you
have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here & there;
And sweet sprites the
burden bear.
Hark, hark:
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting
Chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

The Tempest

Jog on, jog on
the foot-path way,
And merrily
hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all
the day,
Your sad one tires in a
mile-a.

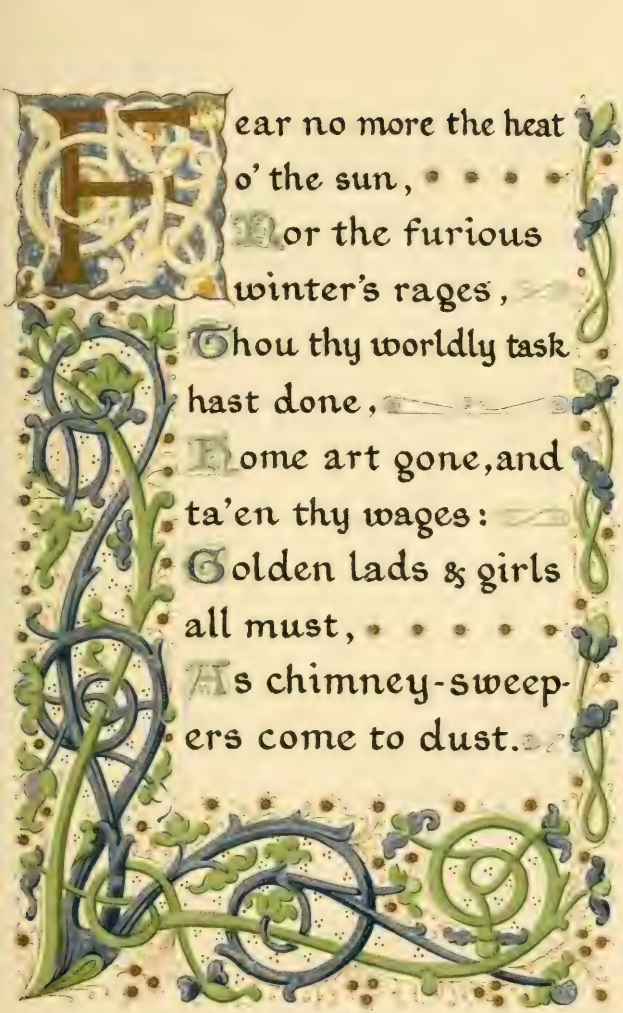
The Winter's Tale.

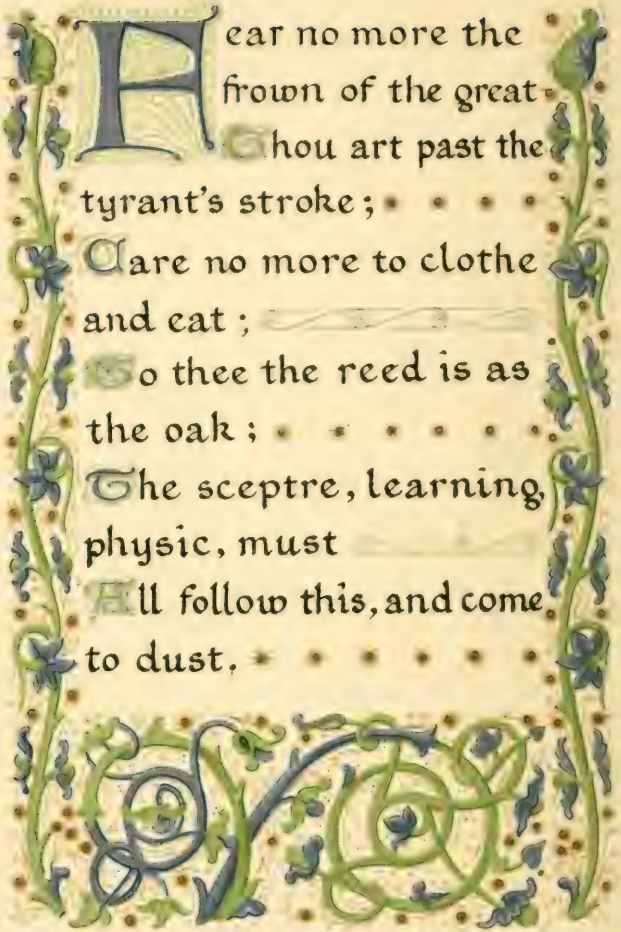

You spotted snakes
with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs,
be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms,
do no wrong,
Come not near our
fairy queen.
Philomel with melody,
Sing in our sweet lul-
laby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm,

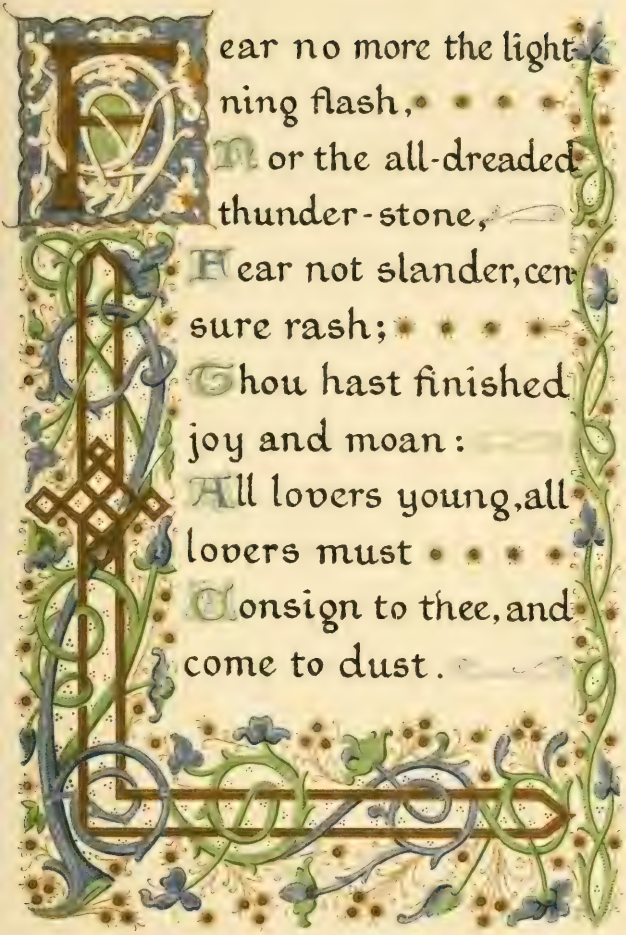
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good-night, with lullaby.

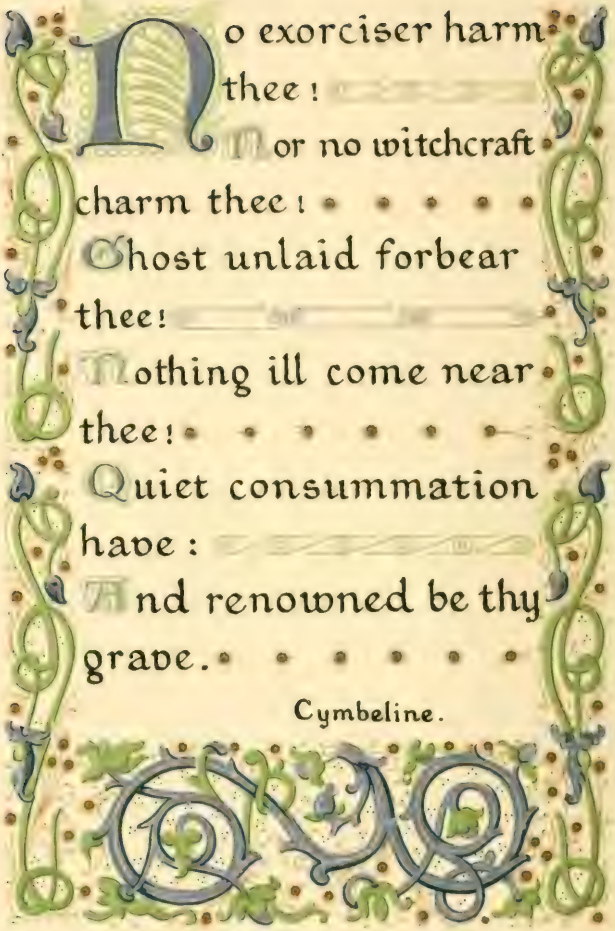
eaving spiders
come not here:
Hence you
long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach
not near;
Worm nor snail, do no
offence. . . . . .
Philomel, with melody, etc

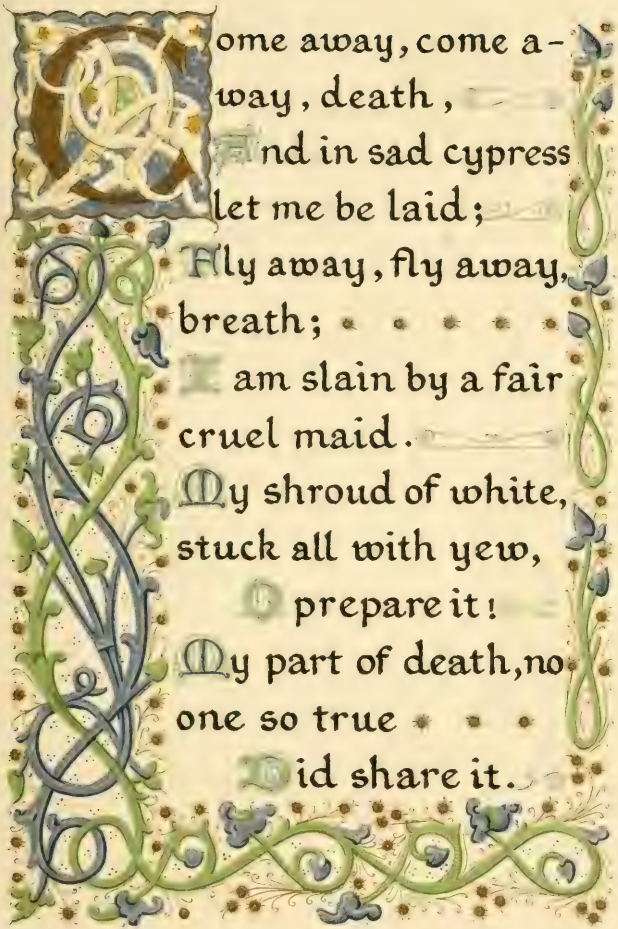
A Midsummer Night's dream.

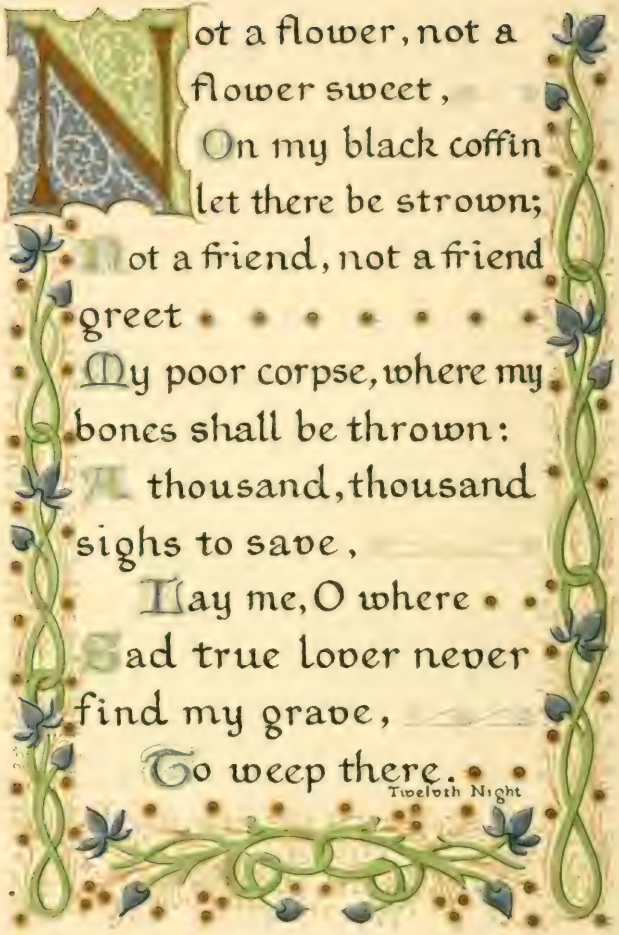

Fear no more the heat
o' the sun,
Nor the furious
winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task
hast done,
Home art gone, and
ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads & girls
all must,
As chimney-sweep-
ers come to dust.


Fear no more the
frown of the great
Thou art past the
tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe
and eat;
To thee the reed is as
the oak;
The sceptre, learning,
physic, must
All follow this, and come
to dust.


Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone,
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.


No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have:
And renowned be thy grave.
Cymbeline.


Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.


Not a flower, not a
flower sweet,
On my black coffin
let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend
greet
My poor corpse, where my
bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand
sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never
find my grave,
To weep there.
Twelfth Night

Who is Silvia? what
is she, ...
That all our swains
commend her?
Holy, fair & wise is she,
The heaven such grace
did lend her,
That she might admir-
ed be. . . . . .
Is she kind as
she is fair?
For beauty lives
with kindness. . . .
Love doth to her

eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits
there.

Then to Silvia let
us sing,
That Silvia is
excelling;
She excells each mortal
thing
Upon the dull earth dwell-
ing;
To her let us garlands
bring.

The Two Gentlemen
of Verona.

Orpheus with his lute
made trees,
And the mountain
tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when
he did sing:
To his music plants
and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun
and showers
There had made a
lasting spring.

Everything that heard
him play,
Even the billows of
the sea,
Hung their heads and
then lay by.
In sweet music is such
art,
Killing care and grief
of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing
die.

King Henry VIII.

Mistress mine! where
are you roaming?
O! stay and hear;
your true love's coming
That can sing both
high and low.
Trip no further, pretty
sweeting;
Journeys end in lov-
ers' meeting
Every wise man's
son doth know.

What is love? 'tis
not hereafter;
Present mirth
hath present
laughter;
What's to come is still
unsure:
In delay there lies no
plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-
-and-twenty
Youth's a stuff will not
endure

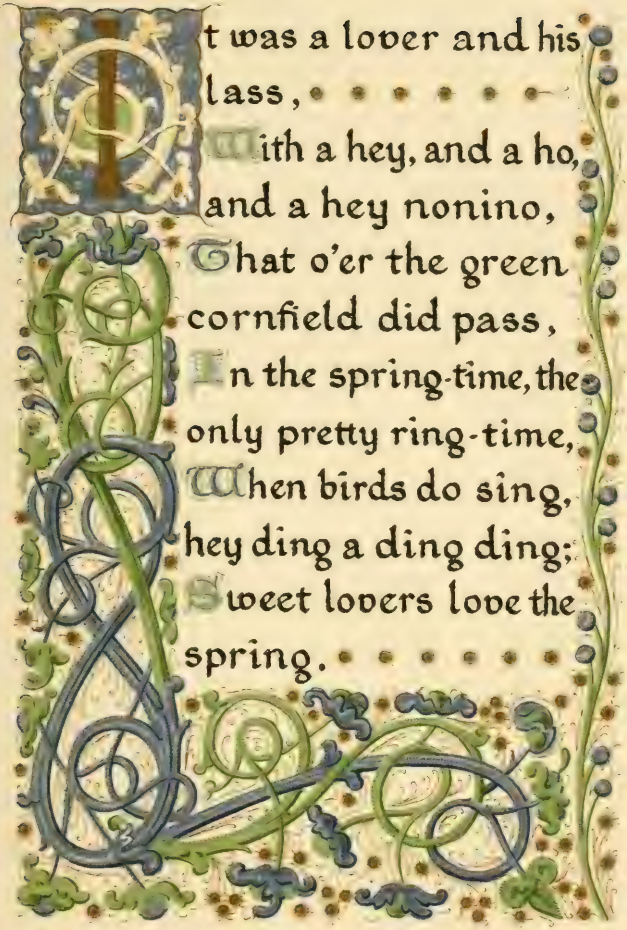
Twelvth Night.

Sigh no more, ladies,
sigh no more,
Men were deceivers
ever,
One foot in sea, and
one on shore,
To one thing constant
never:
Then sigh not so, but
let them go,
And be you blithe &
bonny,
Converting all your
sounds of woe

Into hey nonny, nonny.

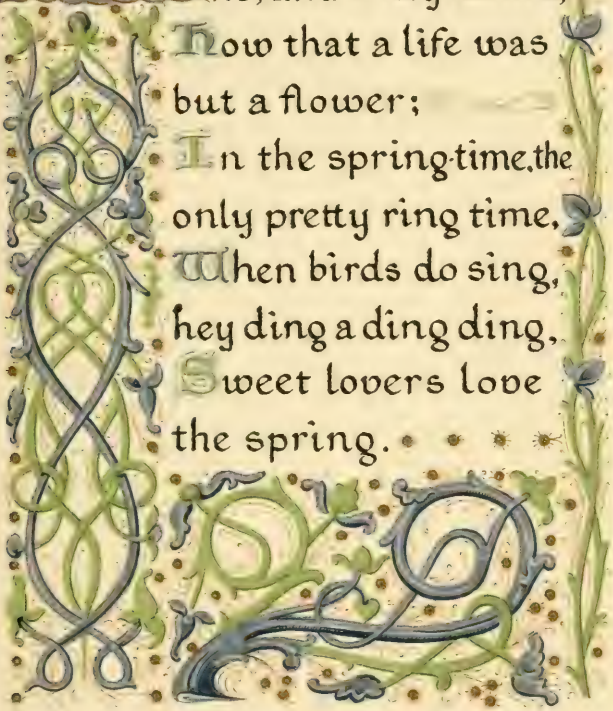
Sing no more dit-
ties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull
and heavy; . . . . .
The fraud of men was
ever so,
Since summer first
was leafy: . . . . .
Then sigh not so, but let
them go,
And be you blithe and
bonny. etc. . . . . .

Much Ado about nothing.


It was a lover and his
lass,
With a hey, and a ho,
and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green
cornfield did pass,
In the spring-time, the
only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing,
hey ding a ding ding:
Sweet lovers love the
spring.

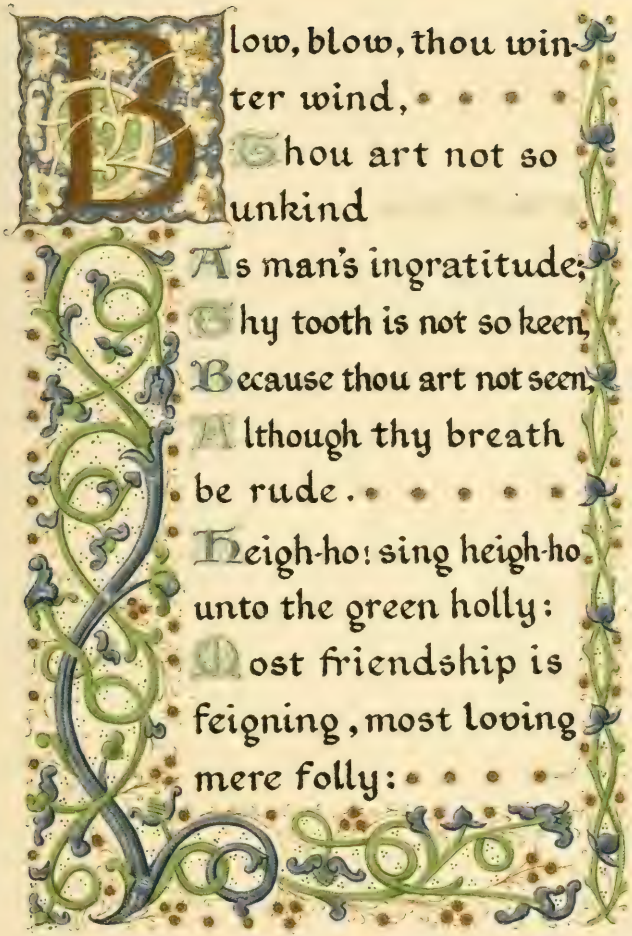
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
These pretty country folk would lie,
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour, • • • •
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower;
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring. • • • •



nd therefore take the present time,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime;
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

As you like it


Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

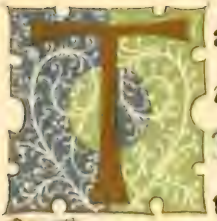
Then heigh-ho, to the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou
bitter sky,
Thou dost not
bite so nigh . . . . . .
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters
warp, ...
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho
unto the green holly. etc.

As you like it.

Hark, hark! the lark at
heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steed to water at
those springs
On chaliced flowers
that lies;
And winking Mary-
buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that
pretty is,
My lady sweet arise;
Arise, arise.

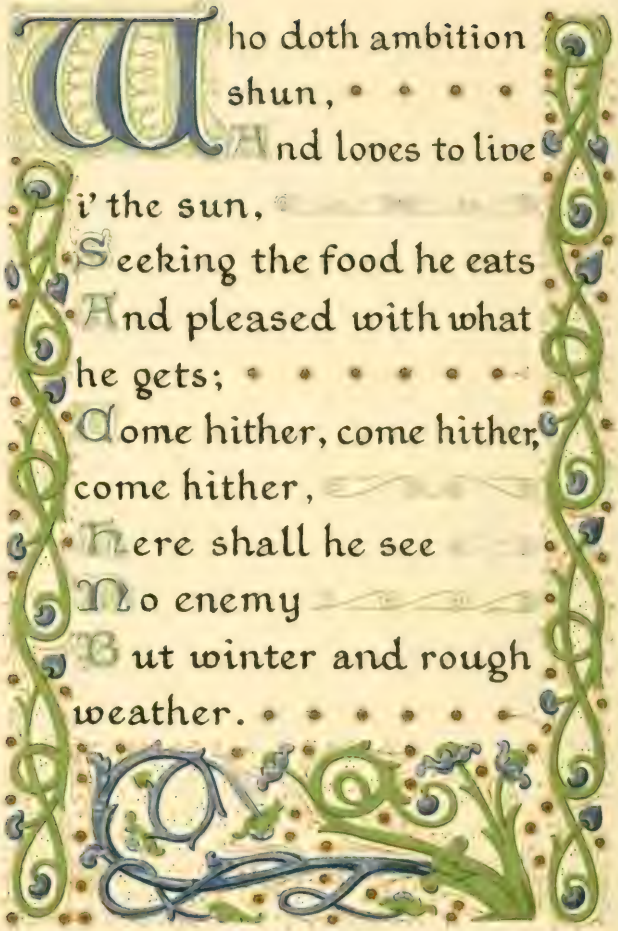
Cymbeline.



Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Measure for Measure.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie
with me
And turn his mer-
ry note
Unto the sweet bird's
throat,
Come hither, come
hither, come hither:
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter & rough
weather


Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn
ass, ...
Leaving his wealth
and ease,
A stubborn will to
please, ...
Ducdame, ducdame,
ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An' if he will come
to me. . . . . .

As you like it.

Tell me where is
fancy bred, . . .
Or in the heart or
in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the
eyes, ...
With gazing fed; and
fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's
knell: . . . . . .
I'll begin it,—Ding-dong
bell.

Merchant of Venice.

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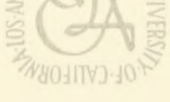
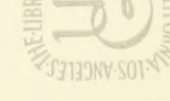
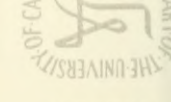

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